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The Week

THE latest cables from Constantinople indicate a sincere disposition on the part both of the British and the Turks to avoid fighting and it is probable, consequently, that they will avoid it. Even if some hot-headed soldiers on the spot should start the guns booming, the governments would, we believe, get together and soon order them to stop. The parties to the present negotiation, Great Britain, the Turks, France and Italy, all are acting under strong inducements to avoid war; and if they do not negotiate a military convention and agree upon the agenda for a peace conference it will mean that they have lost all ability to subordinate their suspicions and hatreds to desirable political ends. The difficulty will come not so much in negotiating a treaty of peace among the governments of the countries we have named as in executing the demands of the Turks and in getting the Greeks out of Thrace. The Greek army is likely to be more formidable in Thrace than it was in Asia Minor, and if it refuses to withdraw it will present the so-called Allies and particularly Great Britain with some extremely ugly alternatives. The Turks by armed resistance succeeded in defeating the Treaty of Sèvres. May not the Greeks by armed resistance succeed in defeating the next following scrap of paper?

ARNOLD TOYNBEE in his article published in this issue takes for granted that the Greeks will consent to withdraw at the command of the Allied powers. Since Mr. Toynbee wrote, a revolution has taken place in Greece, and a revolutionary government cannot begin its career by an act of national renunciation. Will the Allies allow the Turks to cross the Straits and try to put the Greeks out? That would be to act the part of pander to war in its most abhorrent form. Will they hold the Turks back while they themselves put the Greeks out? That would be more merciful, but even more shameful. There remains always the weapon of blockade, if the Turks will give time for using it. In any event, it will be admitted that the Greeks have been subjected to a series of deceptions and violations which for mockery amid cruelty are almost without parallel even in the annals of small nations. To this cup the United States carefully added its drop of bitterness in refusing recognition to Greece because Mr. Hughes did not like Constantine any better than he did Lenin or Obregon.

AN independent voter in the State of New York who hesitated between casting his ballot for the Democratic or the Republican candidates for governor could find some persuasive reasons for adopting either choice; but in our opinion there is one reason for preferring ex-Governor Smith to Governor Miller which is unanswerable from the point of view of a patriotic American. The so-called Lusk Bills which committed the State of New York to the attempted transformation of its public schools into instruments of class propaganda, were the most dangerous attack upon the moral foundation of the American democracy which the morbid upper class consciousness of the post-war period produced. Ex-Governor Smith vetoed them

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after a Republican legislature had passed them. He vetoed them in the spring of 1920, when the issue of the struggle was doubtful and when it required courage and conviction in a politician openly to oppose the fanatics of upper class supremacy. But a year later Governor Miller signed them. In the meantime they had, it is true, been somewhat emasculated, but they remained either unnecessary or mischievous. Their repeal is the most important legislative act which an independent voter can work for in this state; and the signing of them by Governor Miller is the kind of offence against civil liberty and public morals which a sincere American liberal cannot forgive.

THE reunion between the independent and the majority socialists in Germany is one of those unexpected facts which probably throws a great deal of light upon the drift and conflict of political forces. It cannot mean that the two factions in the German socialist party have adjusted in some mutually satisfactory manner their differences of conviction. Socialists in Germany, as in the rest of the world, are in an unstable and sceptical state of mind; they have not either fought out or ironed out their differences. They are as lacking in a common philosophy and in a common program as are the capitalist parties. If their two leading factions have reunited, it is the result of external pressure rather than of an increased community of conviction. It can only mean a growing fear on their part of a monarchist and capitalist reaction. They probably anticipate a monarchist coup d'état. They must have reunited for the purpose of protecting the political gains won by the German democracy during the Revolution.

"I FORESEE the possibility that a future Legislature, alive to the supreme importance of truth and to the value of unbiased inquiry and discussion as the best avenue to truth, may some day advance to the point of prohibiting all permanent endowments for the maintenance of any crystallized form of doctrine upon any subject, sacred or secular. For such endowments tend to preserve that doctrine into a factitious survival, and to mar the uniformity with which the judgment of mankind, if left to its normal action, would have travelled towards truth." No, this is not from a new Communist Manifesto of some "parlor Bolshevist," nor even of some real Red. It is the utterance of the distinguished Emeritus Downing Professor of the Laws of England, Dr. Courtney Kenny, and appears in the last issue of that most staid professional review, the Cambridge Law Journal. All the Red hounds should take notice of this seditious publication. For it might reach the lawyers—whom it is designed to reach.

THE net result of the strike of the shop craft unions will not be known for some time. It is announced that an understanding has been reached between the management of the Erie Railroad and the striking shopmen, along the lines of previous agreements made by the Baltimore and Ohio and New York Central. On the other hand, it is stated that on the Union Pacific, as on the Pennsylvania, the strike is hopelessly lost, and the union virtually destroyed. According to the statement of the Association of Railway Executives the shop force of this country, which was composed on July 10th of 155,685 men who refused to strike, is now 376,417 or 90 percent of normal. On the other hand, leading citizens of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania assert that the strike is still so effective in holding up transportation as to keep 25,000 anthracite miners in enforced idleness. They have organized a committee including the mayors of the five anthracite cities to urge the administration to bring pressure on Mr. Loree of the Delaware and Hudson and other die-hard railway presidents to settle with their striking employees in the interest of doing business and moving coal.

ONE of the results of the disorganization of coal transportation is the revival of discussion of the waste involved in our present processes. Mr. Stewart Browne of the United Real Estate Owners' Association waxes merry at the spectacle of New York which "brings millions of tons of coal, trucks it all over the city, shovels it into coal bins, stokes fires with it, rakes out the clinkers and ashes, which are dumped into ash wagons and then taken to scows which dump it at sea." He proposes to permit city lighting and transportation companies to own their mines and convert coal at the pit mouth into gas and electric power. Why should not municipalities do this? Because while the people have the power to authorize corporations to do these things and many others for profit, they are to a large degree inhibited and prevented by their democratic constitutions from rendering such services to themselves. O Democracy, what paradoxes are committed in thy name!

AN exasperating result of the refusal of the United States to cooperate with the League of Nations is the failure of all efforts to check the traffic in opium products. Next to the British Empire the United States is the largest trader in this stuff. It imports immense quantities of raw material much of which is smuggled. Of the

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finished product in drugs, this country is the largest consumer per capita, and one of the largest exporters. The regulation of the traffic is one of the objects of the League, but the United States does not recognize this agency, and falls back on the ineffectual plan of control devised by the Hague Convention in 1912. It will approach the matter only through a special international conference. This is a case in which a stupid obsession plays into the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous commercial interest.

"REPRESENTATIVES of the Department of Justice converted to their own use large stocks of liquor seized here in the enforcement of prohibition laws." This is the net result of a long investigation made by the District of Columbia Grand Jury with the assistance of the detective talent of William J. Burns. Although it appears that a record of withdrawals with the alleged signature of an official of the department has been obtained, as well as a list of places and persons to whom delivery was made, the jury carefully mentions no names and merely notes that "their conduct cannot be too severely condemned." Furthermore, the Department of Justice proposes to take no action since the offences were committed by "former attachés of a former administration." Since when did a change in administration have the force of the statute of limitations? The forbearance of the department suggests the proverbial honor among thieves, and stands out as one reason the more why Daugherty should be impeached.

THE announcement by the Neighborhood Playhouse that it will produce no plays this year means that we lose, for a season at least, something that no other organization in New York can quite supply. Other theatres have their particular qualities, but there has been at the Neighborhood Playhouse a sense of continuity and cultural unity, of intelligent aim, unhampered approach and devoted and happy group enthusiasm, that was essentially its own. But we need even more just now the kind of thing that is announced for this year at the Neighborhood Playhouse. It plans a season of pure experiment, of people working together in the study of the art of the theatre, and not with regard to individuals but to the facts to be observed. In a word the Neighborhood Playhouse intends to try at least to do something very much needed in our theatre generally at present, to take stock, to see where it stands before it goes on any farther, to store up records of causes and effects and means and results, that will make its work less accidental and personal, and more proved, secure and reliable.

The New Christianity

"The most commanding social necessity of our time is for the church of Christ to organize her powers against the forces which are working for international bitterness and alienation." "Can any one doubt that the baser passions are burning again, engendering suspicion and misunderstanding and driving Governments into mistrust and alienation?" "The politicians have failed in establishing a righteous peace and everywhere men are feeling the need of some power which shall lift all political relationships out of the rut and the mire in which they are fallen and create the possibility of national and international fraternity." "But fraternity must have a moral core. It is not a matter of just feeling nice to one another. It is the high necessity of establishing the will of God, as revealed in Jesus Christ, in all the relationships of mankind." "I am therefore eager that the Church should play her part in the fateful hours of our own day." "On some appointed day let the believers in Jesus Christ go to their churches, as they went in the early days of the war, and in some simultaneous act of dedication and audible declaration, let them proclaim their desire and purpose for a sacred peace and their belief in the common brotherhood of mankind."

"I would go further than this. In every nation I would have representative leaders of the Christian Church meeting together, not in councils of war, but in councils of peace, to express the luminous principles of our Lord on some of the grave matters which are now plunging the world in confusion and strife." "There will be no sacrifice of conviction. There will be no compromise in religious principles. It will be a sacred effort on the part of those who believe in the moral ideals of Jesus to direct them to the control of Governments and of Parliaments." "Our resources are real and immediate. The occasion is ripe. The world is again drifting into war. What has the Church of Christ to say? What is she to do? Shall she arise from her slumber or—?"

THE preceding quotations are taken from an article by the Reverend J. N. Jowett which was printed in the British Weekly of September 7th. The article is an eloquent and deeply moving challenge to sincere Christians to vindicate the ethical ideals of Jesus Christ by bringing peace on earth and goodwill to men. The apprehensions which prompted Dr. Jowett to write this article are, we believe, fully justified. The civilized nations of Europe and Asia possess fewer and feebler defences against war today than they did in 1914, and by their behavior one towards another they are cultivating suspicions, animosities, hatreds and conflicts of interest more malevolent than anything which has existed since the wars of religion. We agree with him also that this danger is one which the Christian clergy cannot ignore without a loss of integrity and self-respect. If a nominally Christian civilization is destroyed or is definitely retarded as a consequence of a flagrant ignoring of Christian ethics, the Church whose office it is to perpetuate the Gospel of Jesus on earth will become an object of contempt. We believe with Dr. Jowett that

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some such calamity will occur unless governments are taught to respect Christian ideals. The earnest and devout clergymen and laymen all over the world who are calling on professing Christians to give reality in politics and industry to the truths of Christian ethics afford one of the few really promising signs and portents in the life of today.

It is with a desire to assist rather than to hinder their cause that we counsel them, however, to consider carefully what their resources are for their proposed attack on the fortresses of industry and government. The assumption which underlies Dr. Jowett's eloquent exhortation is that the existing body of Christians by assembling together and bearing audible witness to the ideals of Christian ethics can without preparatory penance, purgation, discipline and education give increasing reality to Christian ethical truth. This assumption we question. It takes believers of a large calibre, spiritual pioneers of great daring and hardihood, religious explorers with rare vision and determination to undertake the vindication in public or private life of Christian truth; and the Christian Church is not yet equipped by any sufficient understanding of human nature or faith in its possibilities to educate Christians of this quality. It cannot educate Christians of this quality until it confesses to its own defects, purifies its own teaching, refashions its attitude towards its own primary business of enhancing and reforming individual human life. It is not the politicians and the business men who are solely responsible for the present condition of the world. The Christian religion in the body of its existing ministry has actively participated in bringing about the threatened ruin. It abetted and encouraged the strategy of annihilation which prevailed during the war. It did not protest against the unrighteous peace. At the very moment when Dr. Jowett's appeal is issued, it is still on the whole playing the part not of critic or opponent of anti-Christian politics but of a willing accomplice.

Reformers like Dr. Jowett who expect by means of some miracle of evangelical conversion to give vitality in politics and business to the truths of Christian ethics seem to overlook one fact of overwhelming importance. For a thousand years or more the peoples of Europe have professed Christianity and have at different times given convincing proofs of the sincerity of their faith. Yet at no time has this sincerity moved them successfully to insist upon the immediate reality in life of the ethical teaching of Jesus. Early in the Middle Ages the Church did, indeed, try to mitigate the prevailing anarchy and bloodshed by preaching the truce of God; for some centuries it claimed to subordinate politics to religion; its conception of education was essentially religious and it held up for popular admiration and imitation the lives of the saints rather than the lives of successful politicians and business men; and finally it insisted that in theory at least individual and social life should be conducted according to the light of Christian truth. But in spite of its pretensions it never actually established anything like the truce of God, and it was too ignorant of the world and of human nature to practise successfully the art of moralizing individual and social conduct. There have been many Christian sects to whom the image of peace on earth and goodwill to men was a tangible part of the Christian vision but they have always been a small minority and they usually have been outcasts. Christians have from the beginning been more prone to fight holy wars in the name of the Christian God than they have to glorify and proclaim peace and goodwill. And why not? Have they not believed far more in retributive justice than they have in forgiveness of sins and vicarious atonement? Have they not until recently conceived the Christian God as a judge who was diabolical enough to condemn sinners to everlasting torment? If our notions of justice are essentially retributive, if we admit into our conception of human nature the idea of its essential unregeneracy, it is sheer hypocrisy to preach peace on earth and goodwill to men.

Popular Christianity is not as much given over to the proclamation of God as a divine policeman as it used to be, but its improvement is negative. It has never purged from its creeds, its literature and its thoughts the glorification of self-righteous pugnacity and of justice as essentially punishment for wrong doing; and as long as it remains unpurged, it cannot sincerely share in the apprehensions and in the aspirations of Dr. Jowett. If he wishes to obtain any permanent result from his exhortations, he should recognize that from the point of view of long continued Christian practice, he is preaching a substantially new Christianity; and this new Christianity, in so far as it is seeking to give reality to Christian ethics in life, must begin by discrediting the old Christianity. The old Christianity which still so largely prevails simply does not believe in peace on earth and goodwill to men. It does not believe in individual integrity and human cooperation except for purposes which imply the exclusion, the punishment, and the fighting of other human beings. Like the recent Episcopal Convention it looks back upon the unity which subsisted in the country during the recent war as a perfect example of Christian moral vic-

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tory, and it recalls this supreme victory of Christian morals in order to deplore by comparison the existing distraction and relaxation, but it is wholly blind to the violation of the teaching of Christ which the conception of a holy war implies. These Christian ministers apparently have not the faintest apprehension that human beings and nations who can unite only or chiefly for the purpose of engaging in holy wars are bound subsequently to fall apart and vent their self-righteous pugnacity on one another. This old Christianity must reform itself before it is qualified to bring peace on earth and goodwill to men.

If it is true that popular Christianity needs to be purged and disciplined before it is capable of translating Christian ethics into human conduct, a recognition of that truth would modify the program which Dr. Jowett proposes as the vehicle of the new Christianity. In the written sermon from which we have quoted he suggests two ways in which Christians can testify immediately to their belief in Christianity as a salutary way of life. He suggests that the whole congregation "rise in their sanctuaries and standing before God and man, in some simple form of words assert their witness to the ethical ideals of their faith," and that representative leaders of the Christian Church meet together in "councils of peace to express the luminous principles of our Lord on some of the grave matters which are now plunging the world in confusion and strife." These suggestions of Dr. Jowett are entitled to earnest consideration. Probably any agitation within the Christian churches to give reality in conduct to the ethical teaching of Jesus will have to begin by expressing its challenge to the old Christianity in these terms. But they cannot continue as they begin. The proposed evangelical assemblies and councils of guidance cannot accomplish their proposed task unless there exists a popular Christianity which is converted to the ethical teaching of Jesus and is practised in the art of giving reality in individual and social life to moral ideals and religious truth. Yet it is a plain fact that the reformers can count on the existence of popular Christianity of this quality only in small and negligible quantities. They are confronted with the work of educating Christians in the truths of Christian ethics before they can expect to translate the ideals of Christian ethics into individual and social conduct. Their problem is fundamentally one of Christian education rather than one of immediate popular conversion and guidance.

There are certain significant passages in Dr. Jowett's sermon which indicate that he does not realize that the obstacles to the translation of Christian ethics into conduct can be overcome only by the reeducation of Christians in Christian truth. He believes it possible to "demonstrate the existence of a corporate body which has in its custody the moral ideals of Jesus Christ and which intends to give them their purposed sovereignty in the reconstruction of the world," but he also believes that this demonstration "can take place without any sacrifice of conviction" or "compromise of religious principles" on the part of the Christians who form part of the new corporate body. If he cleaves to this belief Dr. Jowett will, we think, fall into a mistake which would impair his value as a leader of the new Christianity. Of course a Christian church which really proposes to be the custodian of the moral ideals of Jesus could not ask its members to "sacrifice" or "compromise" their convictions, but if it expected actively to convert any large number of professing Christians to its own interpretation of Christianity, it would have to ask them at least to revise and refresh their principles and convictions. Their creeds, their principles and to a considerable extent their whole system of conscious values are incompatible with the ethical ideals of Jesus and with the adoration of his personality as the embodiment of the salutary way of life.

If the new Christianity should ask them to believe and to practise Christian ethics without revising their existing philosophy or moving away from their bigotry and obscurantism, it would take over the worst vice of the old Christianity. The old Christianity connives at a division of the Christian mind into compartments. It permits Christians in good standing to ignore Christian principles in business and politics, and even in their more intimate family and social connections, on condition that they profess an attachment to official Christianity on official occasions. In practice it separates Christianity from conduct by allowing conduct to ignore the moral teaching of Jesus. The new Christianity will follow the same disastrous course if it encourages Christians to believe that they can practise the moral teaching of Jesus without modifying many of their existing convictions. It cannot separate Christian ethics as a way of life from the conscious formulation of Christian truth. In so far as it tries to do so, it would perpetuate the separation of morals from religion which protestant puritanism proposed in the beginning to destroy but ended by accepting in a different form. The success of the reformed Christianity will depend on the ability of its prophets to imagine a new synthesis of Christian truth as an approach to a new sincerity and integrity of Christian life.

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War Frauds and Daugherty's Impeachment

THE postponement of consideration of the impeachment of Attorney General Daugherty by the Committee on Judiciary, though not surprising, was none the less scandalous. The adjournment of Congress offered an opportunity of examining the case at leisure, which will not exist when Congress meets again for its short and final session. The grounds on which impeachment will be urged are the failure of the Department of Justice to prosecute cases under the anti-trust law against the New York contractors and material men, the failure to prosecute cases under the Volstead Act, and the action of the Attorney General in obtaining from a compliant judge an injunction which is both unconstitutional and against public interest. The fitness of the Attorney General for office owing to his previous behavior in obtaining a pardon for a client by political influence and deceit will doubtless be considered. It should not be forgotten, however, that the first mention of impeachment proceedings occurred in connection with the reluctance of the Attorney General to take steps to prosecute the principals in cases of fraud perpetrated against the government in contracts for war material and in purchases made from the Alien Property Custodian.

The frauds in connection with war contracts were most outrageous and notorious in the matter of the air service. This branch of the military arm expended upwards of $1,000,000,000 and produced no fighting or bombing planes whatever, and less than 1,000 of any sort. Under urgent pressure, President Wilson appointed Mr. Hughes to make a special investigation, in the course of which astonishing evidence was produced of mismanagement on the part of the War Department and dishonesty on the part of contractors. Incredible as it seems, a company organized by H. E. Baker, a brother of the Secretary of War, received a contract involving $1,000,000, and although the contract was cancelled, yet after the retirement of Baker from the company it was reinstated and additional orders given for $2,275,000. Mr. Hughes reported the estimated profits of various aircraft contractors as $5,375,000 to the Ford Company; $11,250,000 to the Lincoln Motor Company; and $15,000,000 to the Packard Motor Car Company. Although Mr. Hughes recommended criminal action against certain participants, and court martial for one Colonel Edward A. Deeds, all cases were disposed of by pardon or withdrawal of proceedings.

It is not surprising that Messrs. Baker and Palmer were not keenly interested in looking into this mess of incompetence and dishonor, but that a year should pass under a new administration without decisive action was a matter for comment. The war frauds were recalled to the attention of Congress by Representative Roy O. Woodruff of Michigan on April 11, 1922. He pointed out that investigation of the accounts of certain of the aircraft contractors showed that immense overpayments had been made, as for example: to the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation $5,267,476; to the Lincoln Motor Company $5,794,135; to the Dayton Wright Company $2,554,383. In the case of the Wright Martin Aircraft Corporation the report of government accountants was submitted by the War Department to the Department of Justice for action. Later Mr. Charles Hayden of Hayden, Stone and Company, who was a director in the company, wrote to Mr. J. W. Weeks of Hornblower and Weeks, who is Secretary of War, and Mr. Weeks secured the postponement of the case for further hearings. In similar fashion the case against the Lincoln Motor Company was withdrawn. Mr. Woodruff also presented the case of the Bosch Magneto Company, the property of which had been seized by the Alien Property Custodian and sold by him after the Armistice for half its assessed value to one Martin E. Kern, who transferred it to the American Bosch Magneto Corporation. This operation was underwritten by Hornblower and Weeks, who received 44,997 shares at 60 and 7,000 shares at nothing. Their profits are estimated by Mr. Woodruff at $1,000,000. Kern was a German by birth and citizenship and the sale to him of alien seized property was therefore illegal. He is described by Mr. Woodruff as an ex-convict, the friend and client of A. Mitchell Palmer. That he knew his way around in the present administration also is shown by a letter written from Paris after the affair had become a scandal, in which he asks plaintively: "Why don't Murray [the President of the Company] take John W. Weeks to Daugherty and put a quietus on this thing?" Another fraud aired by Mr. Woodruff was the sale of German patents by the Alien Property Custodian, Francis A. Garvan, to the Chemical Foundation of which he himself became president.

There is something peculiarly despicable and detestable about these crimes and frauds perpetrated in time of war against the people of the United States. They constituted an infinitely greater danger to the country than activities of enemy spies, enemy sympathizers, pacifists and I. W. W.'s combined. The aircraft frauds resulted in the loss of lives both indirectly through the weakness of the air service in the field and directly by reason of the young aviators who crashed to death be-

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cause of faulty machines. Intent as they were on making money, the associates of Colonel Edward A. Deeds who gave him a banquet to celebrate his escape from court martial proceedings might have found time to reflect on this aspect of the case. The plunder taken from the country by these looters was enormous. A Treasury official estimated that approximately $1,000,000,000 was charged against disbursing officers of the War Department for which it would be impossible to obtain accountings acceptable to the Comptroller of the Treasury. The President has properly acted to set aside the proposal to reward the men who fought for their country by a cash payment, on the ground that the grateful country could not afford it. What face can he show to the soldiers when sums sufficient to care for the bonus were paid out from the public treasury with no return, and when members of his own cabinet connive at their retention? Whether these outrageous profits can be recovered or not, the people of the United States are entitled to the fullest knowledge as to the method of obtaining them and the responsibility of government officials from the Secretary of War down. One description of the war which introduced it most favorably to the American people was as a war to end war. It could realize this definition only by becoming a grand object lesson in the way in which wars are made and carried on. The American people paid lavishly in lives and money for this knowledge. To deprive them of it by collusion on the part of government officials with thieves and grafters is to cheat them out of their education.

Since the last exposure of war frauds by Representative Woodruff in April, the Attorney General has caused it to be known that he is recruiting a special force of prosecutors to deal with them. By direction of the President he has made a demand on the Chemical Foundation for the return of patents fraudulently conveyed to it by the Alien Property Custodian. The head of the Foundation, through the newspapers, insolently refused the demand. Whether any substantial progress has been made in enforcing it or in carrying out the program of investigation, restitution and punishment through the courts we do not know. Possibly this article will draw some statement from the Department of Justice which we shall be glad to print for the information of our readers. The delay in proceedings before the Judiciary Committee is fortunate for the Attorney General in that it gives him several weeks in which to demonstrate in decisive fashion to his countrymen that he is capable of acting with energy, efficiency and good faith in defence of their interests.

"Normalcy" in Unemployment

COMMON courtesy would allow responsible public officials a moderate amount of irresponsibility in their public utterances. Occasionally the necessities of peculiar time and place produce that margin of understatement or of exaggeration which commends itself to both auditor and speaker. On such occasions the transgression is recognized and condoned. But when, as in the case of our Secretary of Labor, irresponsibility becomes habitual, even while Mr. Davis is discussing questions of large public import, it is time that those in authority in Washington call a halt on loose talk and begin to exercise their power of censorship.

Speaking some weeks ago before the annual meeting of a professional association of the officials of public employment exchanges, Secretary Davis is reported by the press to have said that during the past year between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 workers had been returned to their employment and that investigations made during the past year had demonstrated that 3,000,000 idle and part-time employment "is the normal condition in America." Long before the chief of the labor service of the federal government had been made a member of the Cabinet, this division, under the direction of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, had achieved a deserved reputation for competence and fairness. For the period when Mr. Wright was the United States Commissioner of Labor, the reliable source of information concerning labor conditions in this country is still the reports of his bureau. This tradition of accuracy and impartiality was maintained by his successor, Mr. Charles P. Neill, and later by the first Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson. It remained for the present incumbent, in spite of the high standing of many of his bureau chiefs, to shatter this tradition. Manifestoes by the Secretary of Labor are no longer taken seriously in this country.

Unemployment has come properly to be considered the most pressing and difficult problem of modern industry. Over the whole world public authorities have been busy devising palliatives and preventives for involuntary industrial idleness. In all places the extent of unemployment has been measured. But in no country in the world have programs of unemployment relief and prevention been suspended or delayed, while public officers and professional statisticians argued over the number of the unemployed. The measurement of unemployment has long been recognized as a most puzzling problem. The Unemployment Conference last fall wrestled with it and emerged with a figure which was sharply challenged as too low by

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the Department of Labor. Since then the difficulties of estimating the volume of unemployment have been increased by the introduction into the industrial situation of serious complicating factors. The period from last September to the present has witnessed the initiation and prosecution of some of the largest and longest strikes in the history of the country. How shall a statistical bureau treat these phenomena? Shall those on strike be added to the unemployed or is it best, for purposes of unemployment statistics, to disregard the strike-bound industry altogether? Similarly does the return of the strikers signify a rise in the volume of employment or is such a migration also to be disregarded? Obviously problems of this nature create difficulties that are not easily overcome. In England and other countries such problems are in large part solved by the operation of unemployment insurance administration, whose function it is to define unemployment in accordance with accepted and understood standards. Here there exists no such machinery for definition, practice varies from place to place and from time to time, and interpretation of the published data becomes a hazardous and uncertain undertaking. When these facts are taken into consideration, people will be reluctant to accept as true the estimate of Mr. Davis that from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 workers returned to work in the last year. They will ask how he knows this to be the case. They will be all the more sceptical of his statement when they learn that a sub-committee of the Unemployment Conference itself in September, 1921, estimated the number of unemployed in the manufacturing, mining and transportation industries as between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 persons.

Much of Mr. Davis's difficulty, as well as that of other members of the present administration, comes from engaging in the perilous occupation of business forecasting. In this the present administration does not differ from its predecessors. It has always been the policy of American political administrations to attempt to turn business depressions into prosperity by the use of kind and optimistic words. But there is no good reason why such bad habits should be perpetuated. Those familiar with the efforts recently made to devise adequate and reliable forecasts of the course of industry and business, will know that the whole matter is in a highly experimental and tentative state. A scientific agency, like the Harvard Economic Service, makes no loud claims for its predictions, but proceeds carefully and cautiously to record factors pertinent to an interpretation of the state of business, to amend its past prognostications in the light of what actually happened later, and to make those changes in its method that the discovery of new facts dictates. In the hands of novices, however, business forecasting becomes dangerous. Almost from the very beginning of the present depression, servants of the state have announced its end. In the place of sober statements of fact to the citizens of the country, official announcements on business conditions have employed the tone and method characteristic of the salesman's circular from a stock-broker to a prospective customer. The simple facts that there has now been for months a substantial, if unknown, increase in the volume of industrial employment and that there is still considerable doubt of the immediacy of a substantial and uninterrupted business revival are too modest to issue from so pretentious a source as the Department of Labor.

If Mr. Davis must make speeches, there is much which he left unsaid that he might have said to the benefit of both the country and the unemployed. He might have said, for instance, that the winter of 1922 leaves this country with no more of a constructive unemployment program than it had in the fall of 1921. To the extent to which this is true the President's Unemployment Conference was a lamentable failure. He might have said that, regardless of the present number of unemployed, all signs point to the return of long periods of unemployment in the future and that the Harding administration has made no plans to meet such contingencies when they do arise. And if he had beeen aware of his duty toward the workers in American industry, he might have stopped to inquire into the character of an industrial organization, whose "normal" condition in America requires a pool of 3,000,000 workers, working part-time and not at all.

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British Near Eastern Policy

VISITORS to Smyrna used to make a trip to the ruins of Ephesus, a greater city than Smyrna in its day. And now Smyrna has gone the way of Ephesus, Miletus and all those other brilliant centres of human industry and civilization which have successively risen and fallen along the Ionian shore. But the flames of this tragic and preventable conflagration illumine the future as well as the past. The British subjects who were evacuated from the doomed city a day or two ago were the oldest English-speaking colony in the world—older by a generation than the first factories on the coast of India or the first plantations in Virginia and New England. Englishmen familiar with Smyrna, as they read the latest cablegrams in their newspapers, cannot help wondering whether, in their lifetime, similar tidings of destruction may not come from Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Singapore and Shanghai. And the foreboding which occurs most forcibly to an English mind is of hardly less grave import to the American people, for it touches the destinies of our common Western civilization, in which (in spite of political and geographical frontiers) we are all members one with another.

This is the heart of the matter, and we get on to the wrong track if we ride off in indignation at the atrocities committed by puppet Turks or puppet Greeks, whichever of the two we happen to select for our favor or aversion. These Eastern peoples all stumble alike when the same stumbling-blocks are set before them, but in the terrible evils which they suffer and inflict, they are seldom the primary agents and always more sinned against than sinning. As a result of the "war-after-the-war" in Asia Minor and its catastrophic ending, Western Antolia has been devastated from one corner to another, and its inhabitants, without distinction of nationality or religion, have been plundered, evicted, violated and massacred. But who made the war? A Greek or Turkish prophet, face to face with Mr. Lloyd George today, could say with crushing force: "Thou art the man."

Mr. Lloyd George, and next to him Mr. Venizelos, bear the greatest responsibility, but the guilt is shared by the statesmen of France, Italy and even—though in a lesser degree—America. The Turkish question could not be settled at the Paris Peace Conference because England and France began to quarrel whenever it was touched. The British Prime Minister wanted a non-British army to hold the Turks down in the meantime, because the British forces in the East were clamoring to be demobilized. Venizelos offered him the services of the Greek army, provided that Greek territorial claims in Asia Minor were granted. The assent of France was purchased by the despatch of two Greek divisions to Odessa, to serve the misguided French policy of military intervention against the Bolsheviks. The date of the Greek landing at Smyrna was decided by the temporary withdrawal of Italy from the conference over the Adriatic affair. (The Italians had begun to occupy places on the Anatolian coast near Smyrna, and the other Allies wanted to forestall them at Smyrna itself). The landing of the Greeks, and the excesses at Smyrna by which it was accompanied, galvanized the Turks into action again, created a new militant nationalist movement, and put an end to the process of disarmament under interallied control which had been going forward since the armistice. The fate of the East was committed to the fortunes of a new war; and that war, after dragging on for more than three years, with a maximum by-production of misery and destruction, has suddenly been brought to the decision with which we are now confronted.

At the moment of writing, the problems of the Straits and Thrace still await solution, disastrous or satisfactory, peaceable or violent, according to the wisdom which the statesmen of Rome, Paris, London and above all Angora—which now has the whip-hand—may succeed in showing. Of these problems the former is to be considered first; indeed the freedom of the Straits is a general international interest of infinitely greater importance than any other item in the Eastern question. And in considering this problem it is necessary to bear in mind the suggestion which the Angora authorities have already made to its solution. In August, before launching their offensive, they sent their Minister of the Interior, Fethy Bey, to London, in a final effort to reach an understanding with Great Britain, as they had done already with France and Italy. The most important feature in Fethy's instructions was a new concession about the Straits, which went much further than Angora had shown itself ready to go previously. Fethy was empowered to offer the demilitarization and neutralization of an adequate zone of territory on either shore of the Dardanelles as well as the Bosphorus. This zone was to be forbidden ground to the troops of Turkey, the Entente powers, or any other nation; and the

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League of Nations was to be given full and perpetual facilities for inspection, to insure that this status was not being infringed upon and to guard against a sudden coup de main by any party. The only reservation was that Turkey was to be allowed to keep a garrison in Constantinople itself (though not at any other point on the Bosphorus). It may be noted that the zone indicated, while less extensive than that traced in the Treaty of Sèvres (which included the entire coast of the Sea of Marmora, as well as the narrows at either end of it), was more extensive than that proposed by the foreign ministers of the three powers at Paris last March, which was restricted to the shores of the Dardanelles alone (without the Bosphorus). In fact, Fethy's zone would correspond pretty closely with the "neutral zone" from which the three powers have just warned off the Nationalist army. The essential difference was that, whereas the Allied foreign ministers then still held out for a skeleton garrison of their own troops at Chanak and Gallipoli, Fethy's proposal stipulated for demilitarization all round, and sought for a guarantee by calling in the League of Nations.

Here occurred one of Mr. Lloyd George's extraordinary blunders. So ignorant was he of the real military and diplomatic situation (as indeed he naïvely betrayed in a speech on the 4th of August in the House of Commons) that, instead of jumping at the opportunity of pulling at least this one chestnut out of the fire without burning his fingers, he treated Fethy Bey with studied hostility and even discourtesy. The emissary of conciliation from Angora was not given an audience by any member of the British government; and after he had succeeded with difficulty in paying two calls at the Foreign Office, the government sent a circular to the London press, stating that Fethy Bey was not in London on business connected with the settlement of the Eastern question, and that he had been received, in a merely formal way, by junior officials! Fethy's rebuff and departure from London were the signal for the opening of the offensive at Afium Kara Hissar.

II.

But all previous ineptitudes sink into insignificance in comparison with the crowning error with which Mr. Lloyd George met the issue of Kemal Pasha's successful campaign. The manifesto published by the British government on September 16th was calculated to break the Entente, to strain the ties between Britain and the Dominions, and to start a conflagration in the East which—apart from incalculable damage to the British Empire in India—might spread over the world, with fatal effects upon the relations between our Western and other contemporary civilizations.

This manifesto has suddenly startled the British nation into consciousness of the long-maturing crisis in the East, and has accordingly aroused a tempest of alarm and indignation. Mr. Lloyd George has never been so vehemently or so universally attacked since he became prime minister. He seems to have realized that he had misjudged the home situation as much as that in the East, for already he is attempting to explain the manifesto away. Though issued by government authority, and confessedly representing the government's policy, it is now said to have been a Cabinet communiqué in the technical sense of the term! This is of course a quibble, which will not save the government from responsibility or the nation from humiliation. The vital question, however, is whether the mischievous effect of this demi-semi-official pronouncement can be undone. Such words as these are "winged" (to quote the Homeric expression), whosesoever be the teeth of which they have "escaped the barrier." They have flown to Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa; to France and Italy; to Constantinople and Angora; to Egypt and India. In each and all of these places, they have already done grievous harm—harm that may still, perhaps, be arrested in its progress and partially repaired, but that can no more be made as if it had not been than the great fire at Smyrna or than the deaths of human beings.

The first imbroglio will be with the Dominions, who have just been placed in the position in which another British government once placed the thirteen colonies. "No taxation without representation." A fortiori, no commitment to war without the means of knowing and at least partly controlling the antecedents of the crisis! The incident, however closed, is in any case bound to raise the whole constitutional question of the control of foreign policy in the British commonwealth. That is grave enough, but there is something still graver. The telegram was sent not only without warning but on false pretenses! I have described the offer made, before the Turkish offensive by the Turkish Nationalist government to the British government for the demilitarization and neutralization of the Straits under the asupices of the League of Nations. Since the Turkish victory, the Angora government and their representatives in Europe have stated that their peace terms remain the same as before. Yet, in telegraphing to the Dominion governments, Mr. Lloyd George suppressed the vital point that these peace terms actually included the freedom of the Straits. So far from this, he

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made it appear that the next objective of the Kemalist army was to seize the Straits and close them by force, when he had no warrant for implying anything of the kind, but had the best information to the contrary. When the truth is known in the Dominions, the storm will be greater there than it already is here.

It is perfectly true that the Turks have a further objective, to which, again, Mr. Lloyd George has omitted to make any reference. This objective is the restoration of Turkish sovereignty over the European province of Eastern Thrace, a territory which was transferred from Turkey to Greece by the now derelict Treaty of Sèvres, and of which the Greeks were put in possession in the summer of 1920—shortly before that treaty was signed—with the assistance of British naval and military forces. All along, the Turks have been determined to recover Thrace. They said so in their national pact, and they went on saying so last year, when the Greeks were at the gates of Angora. Naturally, they will not abate this claim now that the Greeks are utterly beaten, but it is not a claim which is incompatible with the freedom of the Straits, or which need involve the Turkish army in armed conflict with the Allied contingents there. It is in the power of the Allies to restore Thrace to Turkey without Turkish military intervention. The Greeks, in their present deplorable plight, are as little able to oppose Allied diplomatic decisions as they are to oppose Turkish military operations. But for the screen of Allied forces at the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the Turkish cavalry would already be at Adrianople, for all the Greeks could do to stop them. Therefore, since the Greeks only hold Thrace at this moment through the accident that the Straits—and consequently the neutral zone—lie between Thrace and the victorious Turkish army, it is no injustice that they should lose by a note from the Allies what they would otherwise have lost by the Turkish sword.

This brings me to the imbroglio with France and Italy. Before the British note inquiring about French intentions concerning the Straits reached Paris, the French government and people had sized up the situation in all its bearing, and decided what they would do. They had satisfied themselves that the freedom of the Straits could be secured with Turkish assent and they were prepared to take the most vigorous diplomatic steps, in concert with Great Britain, to get the Turks to make the necessary concessions for the sake of this international interest. At the same time, they had ascertained that the Turks would not abandon one jot of their claim to Thrace, except under the compulsion of military force, and they were not prepared to see French military force employed for this purpose—which they did not approve—in a campaign which would certainly be long and costly. Accordingly, the French government replied to the British that they too would stand for the freedom of the Straits, provided that reasonable Turkish aspirations in other respects— i.e., in regard to Thrace—were satisfied. On receipt of this French note, the British government committed two diplomatic offences. First, they made the utmost possible capital out of French solidarity over the Straits, while ignoring the conditions attached to it. And secondly, without making any mention of Thrace, let alone giving any assurances to the Turks that it should be restored to them, they announced their intention of confronting the Turkish army at the Straits with superior British military forces, in which event (for all the Turks could tell) the reinforced British army might not only safeguard the Straits for the commerce of the the world, but might also make the recovery of Thrace by Turkey forever impossible. The French were thus put in a false position without having the opportunity of avoiding it. Considering that the occupation of the Straits was an inter-allied affair, and that the British were professedly basing their whole policy on Allied cooperation, no one could have expected that, without consulting the Allies, they would announce a sensational programme of British imperial military action. It is no wonder, therefore, that the announcement actually made has startled and incensed our Allies. It is already clear that neither France nor Italy will participate in any military operations at the Straits which the British manifesto may bring about.

The most dangerous imbroglio, however, may still be with the Turks themselves. Even today, the British government are defending their provocative language by the plea that the Turks could only be held back from the Straits by strong measures. Si vis pacem, para bellum. Yes, but if that is your policy, it is fatal to substitute words for deeds, and that is just the folly which the British government has committed. If Great Britain, or at any rate the three Allies together, were at this moment in a stronger military position at the Straits than Mustafa Kemal Pasha, then it might be arguable that strong language was salutary. The assertion that our forces would fight might, in that situation, have deterred the Turkish commander from attacking them. In the actual circumstances, however, the psychological effect of Mr. Lloyd George's manifesto upon the Turks is bound to be precisely the opposite. At the present moment, the Allied forces at the Straits are ludicrously weak, the Turkish relatively

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strong; and, therefore, when the British government withhold any assurance about the destiny of Thrace, falsely attribute to the Turks a sinister design upon the Straits and then announce that they propose to checkmate this design by gathering troops from the Antipodes, they are simply suggesting to the Turkish High Command, in the most impressive way possible, that, if the Turks do not wish to risk losing Thrace for good, they must strike immediately. Will the Turks take this risk? Will they keep their heads? That depends partly on how soon they learn of the opposition which the British government's policy has aroused in Britain, and partly on the ability of the French to give them satisfactory assurances pending the discomfiture of the British government at home. The present writer hopes that French and Turkish statesmanship may avert the worst consequences of British lack of statesmanship. Few avowals could be more humiliating for an Englishman.

Finally, there will be the effect of the "winged words" in India. Of this we are so far without news, but knowing, as we do already, the previous effect in India of the Turkish victory over the Greeks, we can forecast how India will react to Mr. Lloyd George's method of intervention. I can best convey the feelings aroused in India and in Egypt by the victory of Turkey over Greece in 1922, by asking readers of the New Republic to cast their minds back to the Balkan War of 1912-3, and to remember the enthusiasm with which the Serb victories were at that time greeted by the Christian Slavs of Bosnia-Herzegovina and by the Slavonic citizens of Austria and Hungary. Do they remember reading in their newspapers of the illuminations, the beflaggings, and the sheaves of congratulatory telegrams which the Austrian police did not know whether to ignore or forbid? Did they realize afterwards that the repercussion of this military success of "Little Serbia" over Turkey shook the foundations of the mighty Hapsburg monarchy and largely contributed to its subsequent dismemberment? Well, if they can recall these things to mind, they can begin to understand the seriousness of "Little Angora's" victory over Greece, and of its effect in India, for the British Empire. The English officials in India have, of course, understood this for years. The indiscreet publication of an urgent memorandum from the Indian government, begging for a moderate peace with Turkey, was the occasion of Mr. Edwin Montagu's recent resignation of the Secretaryship of State for India. Possibly there were Austrian and Hungarian officials in Bosnia, Croatia, Bohemia and elsewhere, betwen 1908 and 1918, who made similarly eloquent representations, with similar absence of effect, at Budapest and Vienna. Certainly, Nationalist Turkey is on the road to becoming as formidable a focus of Pan-Islamism against the British Empire as Serbia had become of Pan-Slavism against Austria before the outbreak of the European war; and if this happens, it will be as much the fault of Great Britain as the career upon which Serbia then entered was the fault of Austria-Hungary. Will the parallel work itself out? Will the name of Angora prove of such ill omen to the British Empire in the East as the name of Belgrade has proved to Austria? That will depend on how much license the British people are prepared to give to the present British government's folly. The catastrophes that can be produced by folly can generally be averted by common sense, if the situation is taken in hand in time. In this case, there is not much time to lose.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

The Ages of Justices

THE retirement of Mr. Justice Clarke from the Supreme Court at the youthful age of sixty-five is little short of an affront to our most venerable institution. Younger men, it is true, have willfully stepped down from the high bench, as Mr. Justice Moody did at fifty-seven and Mr. Justice Hughes as fifty-four. But they resigned, the one overcome by ill-health, the other by political ambition. The few genuine retirements, like that of Mr. Justice Shiras at seventy-one and Mr. Justice Field at eighty-one provoke not the glimmer of a generalization about youth as essential to judicial service. The present retirement is the more noteworthy because only last year a man of sixty-four was appointed Chief Justice, there remain on the bench five men who are older than Mr. Justice Clarke, and the average age of the present bench is more than three years in advance of his.

The question of age and office is as venerable as the popular notion of the Court. Plato was probably giving a new answer to an aged question when he made "the guardians" in his republic at least thirty-five. If we were living in a static universe of natural laws and absolute values, the problem of the proper ages for justices would be a simple affair of a balance between the experience of age and the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. But in a developing world, filled with man-made institutions, and relative values as standards, age bears an important relation to the ability of the Court to perform its function.

In our changing society that function is rapidly

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coming to be an economic one. The great question of public policy which confronts us is to control "the forces" which are shaping our social development. In attempting to master the conditions of our national development the people of the United States are using the government as an agency for the guidance of business and of industry. This control finds expression in legislation passed by the federal and the state governments. Since this legislation is restrictive, it invades the rights of property and abridges the right of contract which is legally a property right. Such invasion may or may not be "without due process of law" and hence contrary to the Fifth or the Fourteenth Amendment. That question depends upon whether it is for "the general welfare" and that turns upon whether in the minds of the justices it is for "the general welfare." Since all social and economic legislation must eventually run the gauntlet of the "due process" clause, the Court must forever be drawing the line between property rights which must be left intact and those which the government may invade in the interests of "the general welfare." In short, one of the most important functions of the Court is to fix "the limits of the province of government" in the regulation of business and industry.

If the Court is to perform well a function which it cannot escape, it must have a personnel who appreciate its task and know the developing community which it is to serve. They must have a realistic acquaintance with the institutions which make up the social order and bring to their judicial problems a conception of "general welfare" which is alike current and growing. Age is, of course, not the most important test of judicial competence. It may even chance, as at present it does, that the oldest of the justices knows most and the youngest least of the real world about him. There will always be men, like Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis, who will keep a contact with changing fact and changing thought. But, in general, the universe which moves under one's hat gets its cast by the time one is thirty. The ordinary justice is from that time usually a slave to fixed notions about the nature of the universe and the function of law. The extent to which his preconceptions unfit him for dealing realistically with his problems can roughly be measured by the excess of his age over thirty and by the rate of social change. In earlier days, before industrialism came upon us and the Court held no high place in the economic order, age was far less a detriment to service than it is now. The change in the character of the office seems to have required constantly younger justices. Whether the history of the Court reveals a tendency towards ever more youthful appointees it is interesting to inquire.

The prevailing notion that only men full of years and precedents are to be appointed to the Court has no basis in law and little in fact. The Constitution, usually so solicitous about experience, imposes no requirement of a minimum age. Washington, whose esteem for age would meet all save modern standards, appointed to the Court men whose ages averaged fifty. Adams, with rashness, and Jefferson, with reckless abandon, elevated men whose ages averaged forty-two and forty-one respectively. Quite as late as the Civil War the appointees of Lincoln averaged only fifty-one. But, really to appreciate the concessions to youth, cases must be dug out of these general averages. Washington appointed a justice of thirty-seven; Adams, one of thirty-six; Jefferson, one of thirty-three; and Madison, "the father of the Constitution," one who had attained the biblical age of one score and twelve. The facts which follow will indicate how gradually the myth of late appointments was built up. Of the four men who reached the Court while still in their thirties the last was Mr. Justice Story in 1811. Of the eight men who came to the bench while between forty and forty-five, seven were appointed before 1853. Of the eleven who took their seats while between forty-five and fifty, only two lie this side of the Civil War. On the contrary, of the eleven justices who were beyond sixty when appointed the earliest was Mr. Justice Strong in 1870. During the last forty years not a single justice has been appointed when as young as forty-seven, the average age of all the appointees during the first forty years of the republic. The average age of these later appointees is well over fifty-six.

The history of the upper age limit tells a similar story. There are three ways in which justices may leave the high bench: by removal, by voluntary retirement, and by divine recall. The Constitution specifies only that justices shall hold their offices "during good behavior," that is during life. The justice who hears the call of politics, of a cause to be served, or of books to be read, may take his leave whenever he will. Moreover, Congress has attempted to make retirement alluring by offering pensions as a bait. If seventy be taken as a rough line between resignation and retirement, twelve justices have resigned and eight have retired. Forty-two have been removed by "act of God." Two of these died when in the forties, four in the fifties, thirteen in the sixties, twenty-one in the seventies, and two in the eighties. This remarkable showing is in part due to late appointment, for even justices cannot die at ages which they have

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passed. But if the life expectation at the average age of appointment be compared with the average term of service it will offer eloquent testimony to the tough human stuff of which justices are made. If the figures for the earlier and the later periods be sifted out, it appears that the Court is now a far safer place for those who aspire to green old age than it was in days of long ago. There is far less temptation to substitute one's own will for divine recall; for, of twelve resignations, six came before the end of the Jefferson administration and only two lie this side of the Civil War. It is remarkable, too, that Providence is far more generous with years than of yore; for the average age at which the first ten deaths occurred was sixty while the last ten came at an average of nearly seventy-one. When we remember that it was the later Court he had in mind, we must raise to the plane of a perfect generalization Mr. Roosevelt's dictum, "They never resign and seldom die."

To get the whole truth, however, we must trace the course of the average age of the Court. When it was first constituted by Washington, it was just under fifty. It hovered between fifty and fifty-five until Jefferson left the presidency. Through Madison's appointments it dropped to forty-nine; and, since for the only decade in its history its personnel remained unchanged, it advanced regularly to fifty-nine in 1823. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that at its lowest age it was, under Chief Justice Marshall, on the eve of the constructive decisions which won for it its exalted constitutional position. In 1825 the average age for the first time touched sixty, but it was 1858 before it reached sixty-five. Since then it has occasionally gone below sixty; but for the most part it has varied between sixty-one and sixty-six. In 1921, just before its adjournment, the average age of its nine members was sixty-nine. Only once before had it gone so high, at the beginning of the Civil War, when the Court of Dred Scott fame was on the verge of disintigration. President Harding is committed to the policy of appointing younger men. Thus far, by heroic effort and two appointments, he has hammered the average down to sixty-eight. It will be six months before it is as high as it was on the day of his inauguration.

These facts about ages make much of the criticism of the Court irrelevant. That many men off the bench are stronger than most of those upon it is a matter of "common knowledge." It is not true that the present Court is to an exceptional extent lacking in legal knowledge, unable to think logically, obsessed with notions of the sanctity of property, or moved by the pecuniary interests of its members. The truth is rather that its membership, with very conspicuous exceptions, lacks an acquaintance with the world of reality, a knowledge of economic fact, and a technique for getting relevant information. It is called upon to deal with problems of income, taxation, rate-making, valuation, open price agreements, child labor, public health, trade unionism, and the strategy and weapons of industrial conflict. The members of the Court came by their notions of the nature of the economic order and the rôle of law in human affairs in the seventies and eighties of the last century. The curricula of the colleges they attended were still untainted by either modern fact or modern thought. Their legal education derived no contamination from the case method. They lived in a static universe and absorbed eternal verity from Cooley on Blackstone. It is to be expected that in their decisions which have affected every institution of our developing society, there is hardly a trace of a constructive social policy. It is inevitable that they regard their function rather as "the preservation of rights" than as a guidance of developing institutions.

In all likelihood several appointments to the Supreme Court will be made in the immediate future. Wisdom and experience upon the bench are invaluable; but it must be a wisdom and an experience grounded in reality. A court, twenty years younger than the present one, even if selected by the same standards, would be far more competent to attack its problems. It's too much to ask for more appointments of justices of about forty-four, the average age of those who signed the Declaration of Independence; for that document bears evidence of the recklessness of youth. It is even too much to ask for the appointment of men of forty-three, the average age of "the fathers" who signed the Constitution; for interpreters must be far older than the creators whom they interpret. But may we not at least hope that these new appointees will not be more than thirty years older than the problems of control of a developing industrial society which come before them for judgment?

WALTON H. HAMILTON.

Sleepy Bird-Talk

A pale light is pinned to the hill;
There is blur of sleepy bird-talk:
Little complaints stifled, little queries twittering still—
Then the night like a hawk.

Your mind was elsewhere. I said:
"They are snuggling down—the birds
"Are snuggling down. . . ." You are not listening; your head
Hums with lovelier words.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

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Four American Impressions

GERTRUDE STEIN, PAUL ROSENFELD,
RING LARDNER, SINCLAIR LEWIS.

I

ONE who thinks a great deal about people and what they are up to in the world comes inevitably in time to relate them to experiences connected with one's own life. The round, hard apples in this old orchard are the breasts of my beloved. The curved, round hill in the distance is the body of my beloved, lying asleep. One cannot avoid practising this trick of lifting people out of the spots on which in actual life they stand and transferring them to what seems at the moment some more fitting spot in one's fanciful world.

And one gets also a kind of aroma from people. They are green, healthy, growing things or they have begun to decay. There is something in this man, to whom I have just talked, that has sent me away from him smiling and in an odd way pleased with myself. Why has this other man, although his words were kindly and his deeds apparently good, spread a cloud over my sky?

In my own boyhood in an Ohio town I went about delivering newspapers at kitchen doors, and there were certain houses to which I went—old brick houses with immense old-fashioned kitchens—in which I loved to linger. On Saturday mornings I sometimes managed to collect a fragrant cooky at such a place, but there was something else that held me. Something got into my mind connected with the great, light kitchens and the women working in them that came sharply back when, last year, I went to visit an American woman, Miss Gertrude Stein, in her own large room in the house at 27 rue de Fleurus in Paris. In the great kitchen of my fanciful world in which I have, ever since that morning, seen Miss Stein standing, there is a most sweet and gracious aroma. Along the walls are many shining pots and pans, and there are innumerable jars of fruits, jellies and preserves. Something is going on in the great room, for Miss Stein is a worker in words with the same loving touch in her strong fingers that was characteristic of the women of the kitchens of the brick houses in the town of my boyhood. She is an American woman of the old sort, one who cares for the handmade goodies and who scorns the factory-made foods, and in her own great kitchen she is making something with her materials, something sweet to the tongue and fragrant to the nostrils.

That her materials are the words of our English speech and that we do not, most of us, know or care too much what she is up to does not greatly matter to me. The impression I wish now to give you of her is of one very intent and earnest in a matter most of us have forgotten. She is laying word against word, relating sound to sound, feeling for the taste, the smell, the rhythm of the individual word. She is attempting to do something for the writers of our English speech that may be better understood after a time, and she is not in a hurry. And one has always that picture of the woman in the great kitchen of words, standing there by a table, clean, strong, with red cheeks and sturdy legs, always quietly and smilingly at work. If her smile has in it something of the mystery, to the male at least, of the Mona Lisa, I remember that the women in the kitchens on the wintry mornings wore often that same smile.

She is making new, strange and to my ears sweet combinations of words. As an American writer I admire her because she, in her person, represents something sweet and healthy in our American life, and because I have a kind of undying faith that what she is up to in her word kitchen in Paris is of more importance to writers of English than the work of many of our more easily understood and more widely accepted word artists.

II

When it comes to our Ring Lardner, here is something else again. Here is another word fellow, one who cares about the words of our American speech and who is perhaps doing more than any other American to give new life to the words of our everyday life.

There is something I think I understand about Ring. The truth is that I believe there is something the matter with him and I have a fancy I know what it is. He is afraid of the highbrows. They scare him to death. I wonder why, for it is true that there is often, in a paragraph of his, more understanding of life, more human sympathy, more salty wisdom than in hundreds of pages of, say, Mr. Sinclair Lewis's dreary prose—and I am sure Mr. Lewis would not hesitate to outface any highbrow in his lair.

I said that I thought I knew what was the matter with Mr. Ring Lardner. He comes from out in my country, from just such another town as the one in which I spent my own boyhood, and I remember certain shy lads of my own town who always made it a point to consort only with the

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town toughs—and for a reason. There was in them something extremely sensitive that did not want to be hurt. Even to mention the fact that there was in them a real love of life, a quick sharp stinging hunger for beauty, would have sent a blush of shame to their cheeks. They were intent upon covering up, concealing from everyone, at any cost, the shy hungry children they were carrying about within themselves.

And I always see our Ring Lardner as such a fellow. He is covering up, sticking to the gang, keeping out of sight. And that is all right too, if in secret and in his suburban home he is really using his talent for sympathetic understanding of life, if in secret he is being another Mark Twain and working in secret on his own Huckleberry Finn. Mark Twain wrote and was proclaimed for writing his Innocents Abroad, Following the Equator, Roughing It, etc., etc., and was during his lifetime most widely recognized for such secondary work. And Mark was just such another shy lad, bluffed by the highbrows—and even the glorious Mark had no more sensitive understanding of the fellow in the street, in the hooch joint, the ball-park and the city suburb than our Mr. Ring Lardner.

III

Which brings me to a man who seems to me, of all our American writers, the one who is most unafraid, Mr. Paul Rosenfeld. Here is an American writer actually unashamed at being fine and sensitive in his work. To me it seems that he has really freed himself from both the high and the low brows and has made of himself a real aristocrat among writers of prose.

To be sure, to the man in the street, accustomed to the sloppiness of hurried newspaper writing, the Rosenfeld prose is sometimes difficult. His vocabulary is immense and he cares very, very much for just the shade of meaning he is striving to convey. Miss Jean Heap recently spoke of him as "our well dressed writer of prose," and I should think Paul Rosenfeld would not too much resent the connotations of that. For after all, Rosenfeld is our man of distinction, the American, it seems to me, who is unafraid and unashamed to live for the things of the spirit as expressed in the arts. I get him as the man walking cleanly and boldly and really accepting, daring to accept, the obligations of the civilized man. To my ears that acceptance has made his prose sound clearly and sweetly across many barren fields. To me it is often like soft bells heard ringing at evening across fields long let go to the weeds of carelessness and the general slam-it-throughness of so much of our American writing.

IV

Of the four American writers concerning whose handling of our speech I have had the temerity to express my own feeling there is left Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

The texture of the prose written by Mr. Lewis gives one but faint joy and one cannot escape the conviction that for some reason Lewis has himself found but little joy, either in life among us or in his own effort to channel his reactions to our life into prose. There can be no doubt that this man, with his sharp journalistic nose for news of the outer surface of our lives, has found out a lot of things about us and the way we live in our towns and cities, but I am very sure that in the life of every man, woman and child in the country there are forces at work that seem to have escaped the notice of Mr. Lewis. Ring Lardner has seen them and in his writing there is sometimes real laughter, but one has the feeling that Lewis never laughs at all, that he is in an odd way too serious about something to laugh.

For after all, even in Gopher Prairie or in Indianapolis, Indiana, boys go swimming in the creeks on summer afternoons, shadows play at evening on factory walls, old men dig angleworms and go fishing together, love comes to at least a few of the men and women and, everything else failing, the baseball club comes from a neighboring town and Tom Robinson gets a home run. That's something. There is an outlook on life across which even the cry of a child, choked to death by its own mother, would be something. Life in our American towns and cities is barren enough and there are enough people saying that with the growth of industrialism it has become continually more and more ugly, but Mr. Paul Rosenfeld and Mr. Ring Lardner apparently do not find it altogether barren and ugly. For them and for a growing number of men and women in America there is something like a dawn that Mr. Lewis has apparently sensed but little, for there is so little sense of it in the texture of his prose. Reading Sinclair Lewis, one comes inevitably to the conclusion that here is a man writing who, wanting passionately to love the life about him, cannot bring himself to do so, and who wanting perhaps to see beauty descend upon our lives like a rainstorm has become blind to the minor beauties our lives hold.

And is it not just this sense of dreary spiritual death in the man's work that is making it so widely read? To one who is himself afraid to live there is, I am sure, a kind of inverted joy in seeing other men as dead. In my own feeling for the man from whose pen has come all of this prose over which

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there are so few lights and shades, I have come at last to sense, most of all, the man fighting terrifically and ineffectually for a thing about which he really does care. There is a kind of fighter living inside Sinclair Lewis and there is, even in this dull, unlighted prose of his, a kind of dawn coming. In the dreary ocean of this prose, islands begin to appear. In Babbitt there are moments when the people of whom he writes, with such amazing attention to the outer details of lives, begin to think and feel a little, and with the coming of life into his people a kind of nervous, hurried beauty and life flits, like a lantern carried by a night watchman past the window of a factory as one stands waiting and watching in a grim street on a night of December.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Russian Folks

I

SERGEY was one of Chicherin's secretaries, a Siberian boy who had won a gold medal at the University of St. Petersburg in 1914 when he was sixteen. He had meant to be a professor of Greek. But the war came. They made him a Russian lieutenant and he seems to have taken good care of his men. He carried no revolver, only a whip. When his peasant troops ran every which way he tried to keep them together. One day they all found themselves in a shambles and he led them to surrender. Two or three wild fellows wanted to die fighting. "But what was the good of that?" Afterwards Sergey was in a German prison camp. His fellow prisoners were mostly officers from the Gordon Highlanders. The Germans he disliked, not apparently because his country was at war with them but because they were accustomed to do things by rule, and himself and the Scots, Sergey believed, had tapped a secret fountain of inspiration, common sense.

Sergey was a sensible boy. When he got out of his prison camp he did various odd jobs for the Bolshevik Mission in Berlin. Then he made his way back to Russia. He was no politician, and he was too little troubled about his fellow men to be a sentimentalist about the Revolution. It was there. It was the life which had turned up in front of him. He did as the Revolution bade him. There was a whining Hindoo who had no passport and wanted the communists to get him out of Russia. Sergey piloted him to Berlin, and the Soviets were rid of a troublesome visitor. It was a game with risks. Sergey loved it. Because he had long ago learned stenography the better to take lectures on Ovid, he found himself in the secretariat of Chicherin.

I went to dinner with him in his room. He and his comrade, a general in the Red army, and two other families each had a room in a flat off the Petrovka. Vera Pavlovna began to scold as soon as we came in from skating. She had devised a rule whereby, since there was no servant, each co-lodger should take his turn guarding the flat, and Sergey had been to play with me instead of taking his turn. "Why should I guard?" he said. "I am careful to have no goods, no property. Why should I sit at home guarding things, for myself or for another?" An old woman was busy in his room frying navaga, a sweet fish like perch, in a pan in the stove. Annushka came three times a week to clean for the boy and cook him food. She was very cheerful. Besides having his job, Sergey was a student in the academy of Oriental languages and for that he got an extra payok of bread, and the bread he gave to Annushka. Why he was studying Japanese, he did not know, but though he was twenty-four only, he took up studies as old men take up golf, "to keep him in condition." He took lessons in piano, too, and he had cut wood for a friend who taught him the tango. Nights he worked for Chicherin. Days he busied himself reading Latin and English, and now and then he read Pravda, though he, too, made the stale Moscow joke that there was not much Pravda in Izvestia and not much Izvestia in Pravda—not much Truth in News, nor News in Truth.

When the communist party cleansings were on, I asked him whether he would mind it if he were cleaned out. He seemed to expect no such event. He replied, "I don't know if I should mind. It would leave me with no political home." Afterwards when he and Gai, Litvinov's aid, and a dozen more prosperous looking young men in the Narkomindel were cleaned out and their party tickets taken away, I asked him how he felt. He replied that now he felt he belonged to himself. He would have leisure. There would be no regular meetings of his nucleus to attend, nor would he feel always at the beck and call of the party. As he explained, I could not say whether he were either morose or sad. It was after the cleansing that he began to take up the tango, and came often to see me, sometimes to talk, and sometimes because Bessie Beatty had left me an illegal electric stove, and it was warm to sit on my floor, to paint his Japanese ideographs.

"What reason did they give for cleaning you out," I asked him. "They said 'What is the use of

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having a person like you in the workers' party?' " Besides, at the foot of his autobiography, which had to be written for his political examiners, in the space left blank for the young secretary to get the approbations of the typists who worked under him, he had scrawled that there was no point in getting the approval of your underlings, anybody could get that. It irritated him. "Everybody is so afraid now," he said, "that a crook or a man who was unfair to the people who worked with him in a commissariat could get a recommendation from his workers. They would be afraid to risk their bread."

II.

One day, Sergey said to me, "Come, I will take you to call upon one of our 'uncut bourgeoisie.' You shall see a woman whom I think the prettiest woman in Moscow. She is plump, but not like a priest's daughter, as you are."

We turned off the Arbot to a row of once fashionable apartment houses, the doorway still sumptuous but the stairway rather dirty. We were let into a hall cluttered with trunks, and into a vast dining room. Russian flats used to be reckoned in acres, not square feet. How dirty the fine damask table cloth on the table, large enough for twenty, was! Anna Konstantinovna and her husband, once an engineer in the Tsar's department of bridges, now lived here with her sister and her sister's husband. Her mother, the widow of one of the largest coal owners in the Donetz Basin, and a schoolgirl sister also were part of the family which huddled together in adversity.

When Anna Konstantinovna entered she did not suggest adversity of any kind. She was a capacious woman with a hundred alluring curves, pink, pretty, plump, dimples in her hands, in her chin, in her cheeks. Her yellow hair was piled high and woppsy on her head, and in her ears were opulent diamond ear-rings. On her hands she wore two opals and three diamonds. We followed the floaterie of her green tea gown down the hall to a boudoir. I looked at the diamonds and could not reconcile myself to the stories Sergey had told me, nor to her talk, now gay flirting with the young secretary, now rumble of complaint against all Bolsheviks. She was very pretty. But she was, it seems, a graduate physician from the medical faculty of the University at Lausanne. She had a regular job in the Commissariat of Health, where she was an authority on venereal disease.

She worked for the government by day and complained of them by night. I asked her about her work, and she asked me what under heaven was the good of knowing what ailed sick and stinking humanity if you had no medicine to give them. All the while we talked, we ate Russian bonbons, and presently tea came in brought by Anna Konstantinova's husband. There was tea and sugar and a basket brimming with cakes, and we ate and ate as we talked. What we talked of was the famine, and how it was impossible to get anything to eat in Moscow, and as we munched she felt very sorry for everybody, but particularly herself. Mikhail Sergeich, her husband, was gay. He had that day signed a concession with the Moscow Soviet to run the fashionable baths a block up from the Kuznetski Most. It was a brilliant chance for speculation. With a little advertising, everybody could be got to want a bath more than a meal. A percentage had to go to the government, but for the rest, it was juicy as a war contract, cost plus, and the bathhouse-keeper smiled dreamily as his wife grumbled about the new régime.

The old mother came in and the school girl, in a Poiret dress, still smart after four years of wear. The old woman was tall and dark and bony, with a weary note in her voice that might have been Cassandra's. She was a grand figure, outsizing the rest of the company in both stature and manner. Her complaint went on like the tones of an immense African drum, calling God to witness the chaos wrought of his fair works by Bolsheviki, by Jews, by devils.

The school girl took up the chant and I heard the words "Bolsheviki . . ." "Jews . . ." and then I heard the old woman's voice rise and her scorn came to a head. Her tones were yellow like the centre of a ripe carbuncle, "You, Lyddy," she cried, "why do you talk, what do you know about anything? Jews. Bolsheviki. Puh, you will talk so only until you get a Bolshevik husband." And the big gaunt woman glared at her youngest child, and Anna Konstantinovna laughed and handed me a plate of red berries dipped in powdered sugar and poured more tea into glasses. She put her arms around me when we left and invited me buoyantly to come again. Then she gave Sergey her dimpled hand and the opals and the diamonds to kiss.

"Why did they let her keep all her jewels?" I asked Sergey, after we were on the Arbot again.

"Silly," he said, "you still believe what you read in the American papers. They are harmless people. Most people who had such things still have their gewgaws. Her fellow doctors make her no trouble on her commissariat job. She is very pretty, very pretty—and all of them, they are quite harmless."

ERNESTINE EVANS.

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Krazy Kat

THE wisest course always for the health of art is to admit each thing for what it is and to work from that. In setting out on a piece of work an artist may wisely grant his actual objective source to be whatever it is, and from that may abstract his own essential quality. The history of painting, for example, shows that men have got their best results not by starting off to paint forms, but rather by working from the world around them and abstracting their forms from actuality. A painter, in other words, will achieve a more significant triangularity not with mere triangles out of his head but by taking his subject—people, landscape, objects—and discerning or creating triangles in them. By doing so he is abstracting idea from resistant matter; he is holding himself to substance, as his mind and soul holds to his body; and he is giving us a closer expression of life by working in terms of his struggle between matter and idea. Or, for another example, take Molière. Molière in his plays, however deeply he might or might not conceive them, kept always on them the features of that farce that was their source, did so in fact to such an extent that English readers are still misled as to the nature of his serious mind. Molière did not try to begin with some theory of social comedy taken from the air; he worked from the farce that lay ready to his hand; he never denied it but abstracted from it his high design, and forced it to yield the creation that he willed in it.

Mr. John Alden Carpenter with his Krazy Kat shows the same fine instinct. It appears, incidentally, in his courageous insistence on the right company for the piece. He does not present Krazy Kat as a part of some symphony concert program, to be heard by an audience in a traditional and biased region, and to be judged by critics who after years of infinite concerts are suffering from a kind of ear shock, and who, besides, know nothing of Krazy Kat's dialect, nothing of its world or of its meaning. He gives it to the public in the company where it belongs, in vaudeville, in the follies, in the midst of the fantastically popular and jazz. The same instinct appears, importantly, in Mr. Carpenter's handling of his material. He does not start with something to be superimposed on something half denied; he begins with the jazz and funny-paper world and forces something out of it, abstracts from it a purer pattern.

Mr. George Herriman now for seven years has been building up Krazy Kat, a tiny, diaphanous and crack-brained epic of love, of love with all its folly, blindness, optimism, obstinacy and imperviousness, and of all the elements that prey upon it. Krazy Kat loves Ignatz Mouse, who hates him, though Krazy Kat will never recognize that fact. Ignatz loves Offiser Pup, who in turn loves Krazy Kat. And there is Don Kiyoti, the Andalusian slicker, a sort of wise guy who lives by his wits; and Walter Cephus Austridge, the dicky bird with the shirt front; and Joe Stork, purveyor of progeny to prince and proletariat, who lives on the enchanted mesa, and who is always looking for customers on whom he can thrust an offspring and is always fled by everyone. There is Señora Marihuanna Pelona, the Mexican widow, on whom Joe Stork, when he can break his way into no other house, puts off the infants, which she, being a widow, can never account for properly. And there is Mock Duck, the Chinese launderer de luxe; and the Duck Duke who wears a high hat and smokes a cigar; and Kolin Kelly, the brick merchant, who supplies Ignatz with bricks to throw at Krazy Kat; and the rich dog, Van Wag Taylor, president of the Moon Haters Association and of the the Bone Trust, married to a very rich lady who refuses to have any children and into whose house Joe Stork is always trying to find a way. There are Krazy Kat's three sons, Milton, Marshall and Irving, and the diverse branches of the clan, headed by Krazier and also Kraziest, the wisest member of the family. And there are the families of Ignatz Mouse and Offiser Pup. In a society of such personages as these and from such infatuations the incidents happen.

Out of all this for the seven minutes of his pantomime Mr. Carpenter has put together a story around Krazy Kat and the dance. Krazy Kat lies asleep at the foot of a tree. Bill Poster walks in and sticks up a notice of the grand ball. He is drunk on his own paste, and as he goes out he stumbles and steps on Krazy Kat's tail. Krazy Kat awakes, sees the sign, and is filled with the dancing idea. On the clothes line he sees a ballet skirt. He puts it on and begins to dance. Joe Stork comes in with his bag, looking for a customer. He leaves the bag behind him, and in it Krazy Kat finds instead of a kitten a vanity case. He makes ready for the grand ball. Ignatz Mouse enters and throws a brick at Krazy Kat. Offiser Pup chases Ignatz away, and then, seeing that all is well, he goes on by. The Mysterious Stranger enters, in a great white sombrero and holding a huge bouquet which he offers Krazy Kat to smell. But the bouquet is catnip and Krazy Kat goes mad from a long draught of its perfume. He starts a wild Spanish dance. This delights Ignatz, for it is exactly what he had hoped for; he plans to exhaust Krazy Kat and then destroy him. Offiser Pup comes in, but he is fooled by Ignatz' clever disguise and passes on again. Ignatz throws off his disguise and hits Krazy Kat with a brick. The officer returns, beats up Ignatz and throws him over the wall, and goes away. But Krazy Kat is very happy because Ignatz has landed the brick on him, he takes the brick always as a message of love. All is well; Ignatz appears laughing above the wall, and Krazy Kat lies down at the foot of the tree and returns to his dreams. For in this land of love and its obsessions no one is ever hurt after all. The music dies away and the curtain falls.

The acting of Krazy Kat, as it goes now at the Greenwich Village Follies, though Mr. Yakovleff's pantomime is good and Fortunello and Cirilinno bring a flow of amazing rhythm to their miming, is not yet up to the level of Mr. Carpenter's music and Mr. Herriman's picture. About this picture, as you see it on the stage, there is something that seems in an odd way to let the eye through. The light is so managed that the cartoons at the back, turning on rollers and changing every two or three minutes against the action in front of them, the costumes in black and white, the walls, the grayish trees on either side, take on a strange pearl color, as if we were seeing in some crazy dream the fantastic action of these fabled creatures whose human traits are all turned now to flickering inclinations and fragile passions and the shadows of whims. And meanwhile the music has about it a kind of added light that shines on this laughing unreality; it is bright, dramatic; it has also, vaguely underneath its animation, something very grim and pathetic and comic and original.

Mr. Carpenter's Krazy Kat, gathering its matter here and there from our life, rises to an American commedia dell' arte. It is exciting to come upon it in that light and to see that, except for improvisation—of which it has already the quality and the possibility—Krazy Kat is so like that comedy of masks that began in Italy somewhere before the sixteenth century and ruled for two hundred and fifty years until Goldoni flowered out of it. Krazy Kat has the story, the vagaries, the music, the gesture that the com-

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media dell' arte had, the action and movement also, the stream of vitality, the bouyant and incessant rhythm, the excitement of changing line, the bland cruelty and abounding love of life and of oneself, the character of being so intent upon one's own foolish and capricious and inexorable ends. As it passes there before your eyes Krazy Kat has a transparency of silly shapes and an ironical pageantry very much its own. But there is something about it of the melancholy of those porcelain figurines of the personages of the old Venetian comedy, Arlecchino, Brighella, Pantalone, Il Dottore Bolognese and their lot, whose burlesque has always so gay a gravity and whose lines are so mocking and eloquent. And yet Krazy Kat is entirely—and therefore unprofessedly and never insistently or self-consciously —American. It is popular American material, a world of funny-paper and jazz, not apologized for or denied or made conscious of itself, but forced by an artist to yield up a profounder abstraction, to give up a quality out of itself that is more poignant and significant, to remain itself and to be more of itself, more complete, more perfect and eternal in its own kind. Krazy Kat remains jazz and adds to that a logical and beautiful musical development; it remains cartoon and popular fable, and adds to that the wistfulness and the escape of all great buffoonery, the fluttering and absurd heart of all great clowning. No American material in our theatre this season is apt to achieve a form so right or so promising as do these seven minutes of the Krazy Kat. STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

"Journalistic Depravity"

SIR: As an ardent liberal and admirer of the New Republic's political and economic philosophy, I was profoundly astonished a few days ago when I read in the Parliamentary Debates, House of Commons, Volume 93, Column 1,162, in a speech by Mr. Pringle, M.P., on May 9, 1917, that Mr. Norman Angell had received on March 2, 1917, from the editor of the New Republic, "a very important journal in the United States, closely associated with President Wilson, which is recognized both there and here as more completely expressing President Wilson's views than probably any other publication," this cable message:

> Can you send by cable article thousand words emphasizing value American participation in war? Now strong pacifist opposition to participation here which may be influenced by such article.

I had credited the New Republic with the social vision which rejected the diabolical methods of wartime propaganda, as a publication which disdained to stoop to the questionable practices of the venal and mercenary metropolitan press in poisoning its columns and the minds of its readers, with the virulent species of blatant and bigoted nationalism that cast the world into the hideous maelstrom of 1914. I should not have been surprised had I read in the Parliamentary Debates that the New York Times, the Chicago Times, the Los Angeles Times or some other equally violently reactionary daily had solicited war propaganda in Great Britain or elsewhere, but when I read that the New Republic had fallen to these depths of sordidness and journalistic depravity, my faith in liberal journals and liberal journalism almost collapsed.

But that is not all. Continuing the reading of Mr. Pringle's speech, I learned that Mr. Herbert Croly, editor of the New Republic, followed the cablegram with an explanatory letter to Mr. Angell; and in column 1,166 I found that on March 1, 1917, Mr. Walter Lippmann, then a member of the staff of the New Republic, wrote in the following words to Mr. Angell:

> Before this reaches you you will have received a cable from Croly, the editor of the New Republic, asking you for an article that we could print immediately. We have had an exceedingly hard time in this country dealing with the pacifists who simply want to avoid trouble, and we feel that an article from you justifying America's entrance into the war on liberal and international grounds would be an immense help to us. . . . As a matter of fact, you had more influence than any other one Englishman I can think of in preparing the background of ideas which would convince Americans now in power of the necessity of their taking an active role in the war.

These words are from the Mr. Lippmann who is known in some parts of the Pacific Northwest, at least, as an advocate of social justice, political equality and an intelligent public opinion based upon facts, pure and unadorned. Since reading the foregoing cable message and Mr. Lippmann's letter to Norman Angell, only a part of which I have quoted here, I am seriously wondering how sincere are the New Republic's professions of belief in enduring principles of political justice and international peace, and just how strong is its advocacy of unbiased media of information for the general public. RALPH C. JOHNSON.

East Seattle, Washington.

[As I understand Mr. Ralph C. Johnson, he considers the quotations from my correspondence and Mr. Lippmann's correspondence with Mr. Norman Angell as the last word in "journalistic depravity" and as in some way a betrayal of the "principles of political justice and international peace." In answer I can only confess to what he takes to be my depravity by wondering, as I now do in print, what in the world he is talking about. I see no reason to be ashamed of my cablegram or Mr. Lippmann's letter to Norman Angell. If Mr. Johnson considers them examples of depravity, all I can say is that he and I use that word differently.

Early in March, 1917, it was still doubtful whether President Wilson would answer the German submarine warfare against neutral commerce with a declaration of war. The New Republic had already advocated a declaration of war by the United States with the proviso that American intervention should be conditioned on an attempt to obtain from the Allies consent to the kind of peace which Mr. Wilson had outlined in his recent speech to the Senate. This policy of conditional intervention was repudiated by many American liberals who opposed the entrance into the war by this country under any conditions. The editors of the New Republic liked and respected many of these protestants and regretted the difference of opinion with them. We hoped to win some of them over to our own view, and the cablegram to Norman Angell was sent as part of an attempt to present this view to them in a more persuasive form. Knowing as I did that Mr. Angell was in favor of American intervention, provided it was conditioned on an attempt to bring about a peace of reconciliation, and knowing also that his words might carry weight with the people whom we desired to persuade, I sent the cablegram and Mr. Lippmann wrote the letter which Mr. Johnson quotes. The policy which we were advocating may have been erroneous or even depraved, but I cannot understand why it was an example of journalistic depravity to ask Mr. Angell to write an article for the New Republic in support of a proposed decision by the American government, in which he and I both firmly believed.—H. C.]

German Milk Rationing

SIR: Mr. Hueffer, in his article, The High Cost of Losing, in your issue of August 30th, says that the German child "cannot get milk—except of the canned variety. The farmers have very little milk to sell . . . and for what they can sell they can get any price they care to ask from the new-rich." I have read this passage with surprise, because I was in Germany this summer and was particularly struck with the efficient rationing which made it impossible for hotel-guests to obtain milk beyond a very small modicum of condensed milk even with their morning coffee, because all the fresh milk was reserved for children and invalids. The cities I visited were Frankfurt on the Main, Eisenach, Weimar and Dresden. I should have said that this rule was enforced in all of them, but as Mr. Hueffer writes from Frankfurt, my memory must be at fault. It was sufficiently widely and strictly enforced, however, to make a strong impression upon me and my travelling companion, especially in contrast with the entire lack of regulation in Vienna, Prague and Buda-Pesth

Zermatt. LESLIE HOPKINSON.

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Americana

Certain People of Importance, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.00.

One of Ours, by Willa S. Cather. New York: Alfred Knopf, Inc. $2.00.

THESE two novels are both extremely competent examples of that local realism which has been the chief characteristic of American fiction during the last thirty years. The scene of Mrs. Norris's story is California; of Miss Cather's, Nebraska. In form and method, however, they are supremely different. Mrs. Norris's story belongs to the genre of the family novel. While the pattern most characteristic of the English novel is biographical, family and domestic relations have always figured largely as background; and it sometimes occurs that the family itself becomes the chief character in a novel, the family as a social fact speaking through its various members, no one of whom can be regarded as the hero.

The affronting of such a task as a family novel is not quite what we should have expected from Mrs. Norris, but her achievement is not to be questioned. In Certain People of Importance she takes Reuben Crabtree and his wife, Lulu Potts, from their home in Indiana, by the overland trail to San Francisco, in 1849, and then resolutely follows the threads which are woven by the two sons and two daughters with their nine children and twelve grandchildren into the pattern of the family. To this pattern Mrs. Norris has been extraordinarily faithful. It is scarcely necessary to point out the difficulties and renunciations of the family novelist, the necessity of identifying a large number of characters and keeping them moving simultaneously on a full stage, the loss of the emphasis which comes through concentration on a single character and through the momentum of a single career. Other family novelists have tended to minimize these difficulties by separating the family into its branches and the novel into parts, with emphasis in each on a single figure. Not so Mrs. Norris. She holds her family together, and carries her characters all at once. When she holds one up for a moment to the light she does not drop the others. The problem of proportion is very skilfully solved. Her accomplishment in this respect is partly due to the fact that she has chosen a family which, lacking initiative to move forward with the rising aristocracy of San Francisco, and separated by early arrival and wealth from the new people, remains unusually isolated. Few characters come into contact with the Crabtree family except for the purpose of allying themselves with it by marriage. The relations of the characters which Mrs. Norris chronicles are almost entirely with each other; their movements are for the purpose of meeting each other; their crises are a series of reunions on occasions to be recorded in the family register. Again the family novelist tends to draw his family more or less into a single complication. This is the device of Mr. Galsworthy in The Forsyte Saga. Not so Mrs. Norris. She has a number of promising scandals, but they are successfully ignored, as in all well regulated American families. There is a horrifying skeleton in the fact of Reuben Crabtree's second and secret marriage to a Negress, but this remains locked in the closet of his daughter's mind. One knows not whether to admire more the restraint of Fanny Crabtree or of Mrs. Norris herself. The unity of the family inheres in the fortune and business of Reuben Crabtree. This is the cocoon which the old caterpillar has spun and within which his offspring eat, sleep, move about sluggishly waiting for his death. The business fails and is closed down; the old man dies; the tale of his diminished fortune is told, and certain people of little importance become people of no importance. That is the natural end of the story.

The question may arise in the mind of a reader of this review whether a novel conducted on this plan, with diffusion of attention among so many characters, with no striking episode or complication, in short, without emphasis or finesse, can hold the interest for five hundred closely printed pages—whether the publishers' faith witnessed by a first printing of 100,000 copies is justified. We believe and hope so. The novel challenges patience, as the Crabtrees solicit tolerance, but both on thoroughly human grounds. It is true, some readers who have forgotten their Dante will resent the irony of the title. Others will point out that even if the Crabtrees lack importance themselves they might have had some conception of the progress about them during the mighty half century in which they flourished, or at least have been used unconsciously as pegs to mark such progress. Mrs. Norris is too faithful an artist for that, too loyal to her point of view. In detail the book is astonishingly true to period. In its pages we wear the old dresses of percale with leg of mutton sleeves, and nightgowns; we read the old books, Wee Wifie and The Duchess; we sing the old songs, Marguerite and Tit Willow; we hear old slang; we take photographs on plates; we shop at Michel Wand's. We travel by the old ferry boats from San Francisco to Saucelito—which at the appropriate date we begin to spell Sausalito—the many journeys necessary to knit up the ravelling sleeve of family. The appeal of Mrs. Norris's picture, however, is not in the accuracy of remembered detail, but in the sense of proportion with which this detail is massed and grouped. The whole is true to scale, and if the reader accepts that scale he will be satisfied. And with this almost mechanical precision there is also a spiritual scale of values to which Mrs. Norris is equally true. She treats her characters with the impartiality of life itself. She has her favorites but she does not play them. Over the Crabtrees in their uncomprehending triviality broods a certain kindness, like the rich California landscape, the genial California weather of which the pages are full. It is this quality which remains as the remembered feature of the book, a certain largeness of temperament contrasted with the sometimes oppressive refinement of the art. The book is true to life in more than one respect. The family is American; the experience is Californian; the atmosphere is Mrs. Norris.

Miss Cather in One of Ours has followed the more usual plan of narrating the life of her hero. Claude Wheeler passes from boyhood on a Nebraska farm, through a short episode of college and an unsuccessful marriage, to enlistment in the army and death in action. The first half of the book consists of material with which Miss Cather is thoroughly familiar and which she uses admirably; the second half involves experience and characters which she controls less perfectly. While Mrs. Norris has carefully avoided the emphasis of decisive events and the testing of character by them, Miss Cather has deliberately sought these things. The criticism on One of Ours will be that she has sought them by means too obvious, and has invoked the great war to bring her story to a climax and to release her hero from his hesitations and uncertainties by an adventitious sacrifice. She has given, however, a true record and a typical one. The character of Claude

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Wheeler unifies the story. The war to him was not a conversion, or an escape, or a redemption. It was a fulfillment. He carried into it the personality which he had built up in his Nebraska home, with the difference that under the compulsion of a manifest duty his doubts vanished into singlemindedness, and under authority he gained freedom to be fully himself. It must have been so with many of that generation, to which there came the same voice without reply. His companions in the regiment were like him, American boys never more American than in foreign surroundings and in circumstances unforeseen, inexplicable and appalling. It may be that One of Ours will have only a temporary and an immediate appeal to those who knew those boys, but to us that appeal is beyond words. We are proud of them.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

For and Against Birth Control

The Pivot of Civilization, by Margaret Sanger, with an Introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: Brentano's. $2.50.

Birth Control, by Halliday G. Sutherland, M. D. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75.

SOME of us remember how, in the days when we were "too young to understand," mothers of the neighborhood gathered with their sewing on the front porch to exchange confidences. As we played about, we heard terrifying words—the same words they used when they found things in traps—spoken in a whisper, over and over. Evidently there was a snare that mothers couldn't escape. Try as you would, you couldn't find out its ways by experience. There it was, a vague but adroit menace!

Of course we lived to learn that the terrifying words were vulgar—vulgar in the true sense of the term. Thus common people interpreted the phenomena of their lives. In late years that muted murmur of obstetrical anecdote has risen beyond the bounds of the front porch. Birth control has taken on the dignity of an issue, freely discussed by those who have command of language proper to public debate, as in the case of the two protagonists here brought together in review.

With regard to birth control, these two represent in clear-cut fashion the antipathetic standpoints referred to by Mr. Wells in his introduction of Mrs. Sanger. There exist side by side in our civilization "honest and intelligent people who regard birth control as something essentially sweet, sane, clean, desirable and necessary, and others equally honest and with as good a claim to intelligence, who regard it as not merely unreasonable and unwholesome, but as intolerable and abominable."

Dr. Sutherland represents the latter of these two attitudes. He earnestly declares that Malthus was wrong; that biological fertility does not tend to exceed the means of subsistence; that even if it does, we should still rely upon disease, war and "some natural law" to keep down the population; that famine and poverty are never caused by over-population; that the high death-rate in crowded countries is due to unfortunate customs, like infanticide, rather than to unrestricted birth-rate; that contraceptive methods cause fibroid tumors, sterility and neuroses; that birth control is contrary to the true nature of woman, who is a poor judge of what she really wants; and that birth control, except by abstinence, is a sin, being unnatural.

Mrs. Sanger goes over the self-same ground, but with a different outcome. At the beginning she stands forth frankly as a propagandist, not a scientist. "It may be objected that in the following pages I have rushed in where academic scholars have feared to tread, and that as an active propagandist I am lacking in the scholarship and documentary preparation to undertake such a stupendous task." This task is to show that birth control is the pivot on which civilization turns.

The issue of birth control is to Mrs. Sanger paramount because uncontrolled breeding tends to overcrowd the means of living, thus bringing on famine and war; modern peoples can no longer regard war and disease as satisfactory means of holding population in check; over-crowding is the most potent cause of famine, unemployment, poverty, stupidity and ignorance; reckless breeding costs the lives of thousands of women annually, and cripples thousands more; the happiness of women and children depends on knowledge and control of the processes of population; and contraceptive methods are, therefore, not sinful, but highly ethical, and certainly no more unnatural than abstinence is.

Having heard the debate thus earnestly presented by both sides, we begin to think it over for ourselves. It seems unfair, even in a propagandist, that Dr. Sutherland should put the authority of his professional degree behind a statement that contraceptive measures produce sterility, fibroid tumors and neuroses, citing only desultory and possibly prejudiced opinions, without citing quantitative data upon which such a frightening statement should properly be based; and that he does not tell what he as a physician surely knows, since it is set forth in standard texts and journals of obstetrics, that child-birth kills thousands of women each year and injures thousands more, including the cases of puerperal insanity. Surely he knows that maternal mortality in childbirth is about two percent. But perhaps that, along with war and disease, is considered a natural and hence desirable method of keeping the female half of population within limits.

One must object, also, to the logic involved in the argument that the high death rate in China is due to infanticide, and not to uncontrolled breeding. What, then, causes the custom of infanticide?

On the other hand, Mrs. Sanger, like a true propagandist, claims too much for birth control. Very large sections of the population, whom she most pities and plans to aid, will be unable to profit by knowledge, because they lack that "intelligence, forethought and responsibility," which Mrs. Sanger tells us are required to control conception by scientific methods. Human nature being what it is, education for birth control will not cure every ill from which we suffer in the body politic.

But one's thoughts keep going back to the mothers on the porch, "our conscripts," as William James called them. Why shouldn't Mrs. Sanger rest on that? Her equipment is unique for piercing clean through the smug fiction that all is beautiful in motherhood. She can alleviate the repressive taboo on mention of its agonies and fears. As an obstetrical nurse, she has seen scores of women undergo childbirth. She has heard what they say. She has herself repeatedly borne children. She has developed a power of speech to tell exactly what she has seen and heard, and she is brave enough to do it. Margaret Sanger's real contribution is that she proclaims aloud what women have been taught they must smother to whispers.

LETA S. HOLLINGWORTH.

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A Fabulous Critic

A Critical Fable, delivered primarily in the hope of instilling instruction so airily that readers may see, in the persons on view, a peripatetic, poetic Who's Who. An anonymous preachment with merriment tossed in. Houghton Mifflin and Company; New York and Boston. $1.00.

A Critical Fable—a latter-day treat
For bards, cognoscenti and all the élite
Who, for all the free forms and freak figures, must know well
The original fable of James Russell Lowell.
This new preparation's a sort of a sequel,
A fresh, spicy tonic that hasn't its equal
(Though it never will make the poetically weak well)
In couplets that hit and (quite frequently) miss
In a metrical jog-trot that ambles like this.

So much for the metre. The matter? Ah, there
We perceive an entirely different affair.
A wit, cool as wine opened under the roses,
Dissects schools and tendencies, probes and exposes
A score of those singers preceding the throng
Of sub-minor minstrels who claim to belong—
And one must admire their splendid complacence—
To our late Renaissance or, as some say, renascence.
Frost, Robinson, Lindsay, Pound, Sandburg and Masters,
As well as a medley of mere poetasters,
Are listed and labelled—I almost wrote libelled—
In a humor that's racy without being ribald.
That rhyme's there on purpose; for some of the textual
Mismates in this book are the worst that have vexed you all.
Now light verse, per se, whatsoever the theme,
Demands a high finish; its charm's the supreme
Repose of its speech and a rhyming perfection
With which it withstands the minutest inspection.
Here, some of the rhymes wear as bright an apparel
As those used by Gilbert or Guy Wetmore Carryl,
While others are almost as crude and eccentric
As an amateur circus with every poor tent-trick.
For instance, the verse grows uncommonly screechy
When it finds that "cliché" has been coupled with "preachy,"
"Genius" to "heinous" and—what a sad word it is—
"Acerbities" forcibly yoked to "absurdities."
"Impasse" and "Olympus" and oh, what a nod is
This howler where "progress" is paired off with "goddess"!
There's "snorter" and "hauteur" and "geyser" and "razor". . .
Yet so much sheer brilliance that one has to praise her
(Or him, as it may be) for startling acumen
In ferreting truth, like a verbal ichneumon.

Yet we ask, at the end, can the author be human?
No name's here to guide us, not even an initial,
No cipher, acrostic or semi-official
Disclosure to prove that these ninety-nine pages
(A gallery of portraits which shows what this age is)
Were done by a person at all! A confusion
That forces the only remaining conclusion;
Which is: that these dicta, these half-sharpened knives,
More kindly than cutting, more lively than lives,
Were done by the poets themselves—or their wives!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

An Imperialist of Science

A Life of George Westinghouse, by Henry G. Prout. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

RARELY does a man's creation so typify his personality as does George Westinghouse's. He himself was as much a central power station as the idea which he championed. He was a collector, energizer and distributor of scientific thought throughout the world. His father played the Philip to his Alexander and gave him a well-equipped machine shop and a bent toward invention. The rest he did for himself. He did not have education enough to enmesh his powers in tradition. He had something greater than education—passion, an audacious imagination, too indigenous to be self-conscious, combined with a reverence both for natural forces and for man's destiny to control them. He gathered about him from all the leading countries of the world men of higher and more technical education than his own, connected the individual discoveries of their genius and directed their maturer endeavors to his goal. He could work anywhere. He wrote little, rarely had a pencil but instead a memory from which nothing was erased. For literature, politics, the church, the theatre, sport, he cared but little. Like most scientists he sided with men but he loved the forces of nature; they were larger, more reliable, more alluring. The more elemental they were, the more he loved them. Coal, for example, was too new, too local, too incidental. He worked through gas, through air, through electricity. He had a magnificent instinct that the fundamental needs of society must be met by the fundamental forces of the universe. Even the by-products of his genius are the results of his play among the elements, as when he induced the gravity of a car going down hill to haul another up hill.

How he toiled!

> In a certain eleven years he took out one hundred and thirty-four patents, started six important companies, took the air-brake through its one great crisis and, most important of all, started the alternating current revolution in modern industry.

His unforgettable services to modern life are the air-brake, by which he created a new epoch in transportation, and the central power house idea, by which he revolutionized the production of power in industry. In both these fields he fought at times almost alone against the weight of professional opinion. He wrought on a tremendous scale; he bought up whole areas of patents to give his genius room to work in. He was an autocrat; he would not be hampered by boards of control or superintendents who claimed delimited responsibilities. Hence he was compelled to do his own financing. He took counsel widely and then went his own way. All men seemed only men to him; he was so familiar with the forces that sustain us all that petty distinctions of office and birth were nothing in his eyes.

He had the imperialistic instinct. The world idea captivated him, as it produced him. As others have been Pan-Germans or Pan-Republicans, so he was a Pan-electrician. He had branches of his concern in all countries. He wanted Westinghouse central power stations with standardized frequencies of current all over the globe. He wanted the world made scientifically one, as Hildebrand wanted it religiously one. And he wanted to be the scientific Pope. But it was the vast dream of human unity

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and brotherhood and not the possession of personal power which was the driving impulse of both men.

Dr. Prout has allowed a grandiose personality to emerge from his lucid but undistinguished pages. There are still some evidences of the spring gear about his writing. There is, as he fears, too much technique for the layman and not enough for the electrical engineer. Transformers, rotary converters, turbo-generators and inductive motors are difficult elements of biography, but Dr. Prout makes them confirm the dictum of Carlyle on his title-page: "The history of the world is the biography of great men."

A. W. VERNON.

Fireworks

Chameleon: Being the Book of My Selves, by Benjamin De Casseres. New York: Lieber & Lewis. $1.75.

MR. DE CASSERES apparently chose his title to evade the responsibility of writing philosophic essays—but there is no other excuse for not judging Chameleon as such. One can make several minor reservations in favor of Mr. De Casseres, but beyond them he exemplifies chiefly the danger of having an idiom rather than a style. Given a capitalized, excited, hurried, paradoxical, epigrammatic, imagistic, personifying and dramatic idiom, and all one needs to do is to borrow viewpoints. It is not necessary to develop or apply or even restate accurately the orginal concepts. Pyrotechnics will substitute, and so Mr. De Casseres vulgarizes the thoughts of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche into a cheap display. "All knowledge is word-juggle," he ballyhoos, thereby making philosophy an easy game for virtuosi. He consistently avoids definition to offer an image, which often is loose, as anyone who changes Imagination to Art or Instinct in this metaphor can verify: "Imagination is a spurt from the depths of Being, a swirling geyser that gravitates to a zenith set in the infinite." With Mr. Van Vechten, Mr. De Casseres carries the flush of excitement which Huneker paraded for American criticism into an obvious cheat. A reaction finds our younger writers beginning to forsake exclamations for architecture, flashes for solidity. That is, our intellectual adolescence shifts into maturity.

One suspects Mr. De Casseres's continuous overemphasis to be a compensation for weakness, for his inability to criticize or deepen the philosophic concepts he accepts, and so wrest free from the grip of stronger minds.

On the social side, the damage from his environment suffered by Mr. De Casseres is a minor case document in What America Has Done to Literary Genius and Talent. That is why it is just to add that Mr. De Casseres deserves a plaudit for writing about Nietzsche and Schopenhauer as far back as 1903, and that his idiom achieved better results in a book of poetry, The Shadow-Eater, in 1915.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

Le Folklore au Village: An Elementary French Reader, by Franck L. Schoell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

THERE is a surplus of French readers, but to those of us who grew up on Chardenal's Complete French Course and La Tache de Petit Pierre, M. Schoell's Le Folklore au Village must appear as do the Arabian Nights to one reared on the Elsie books. Such stories as Le Bon Dieu et Saint Pierre, Le Diable Dupe, Gribouille, and La Nuit des Quatre-Temps yield a true background to one's conception of France, a background which most of us come by late but which, through this reader, might be gained as early as the first year of French. In his preface, M. Schoell, exchange professor 1919-1922 to the University of Chicago, says that the suggestion for writing Le Folklore au Village was given him by "some of my listeners, many of them school teachers or University instructors." He continues, "Taking it for granted that the American school-teachers are much better placed than a Frenchman to know what is likely to interest the American schoolboy . . . the author could not but act on the suggestion kindly given him by those who *know*." The suggestion, however, would have gone for nothing, had not M. Schoell been gifted in the matter of story telling and contrived to make the tales sufficiently easy reading for the beginner and at the same time to preserve in them that essence of the people's spirit which is called folklore.

MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY.

Christian Science and the Catholic Faith, by the Rev. A. Bellwald. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS considerable volume from the pen of the Professor of Theology at the Marist College, Washington, D. C., is a discussion of the Christian Science movement, and certain collateral tendencies, from the point of view of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. To those who share that point of view it may be recommended as a fair and scholarly statement; and even those who feel that their own belief is as far removed from Roman Catholicism as from Christian Science itself will find here some good exposition and some sensible criticism of a way of thinking which, however strange, yet merits more than a sneer from all who would say "humani nil a me alienum puto."

JOHN BAILLIE.

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